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DECEMBER, 1945

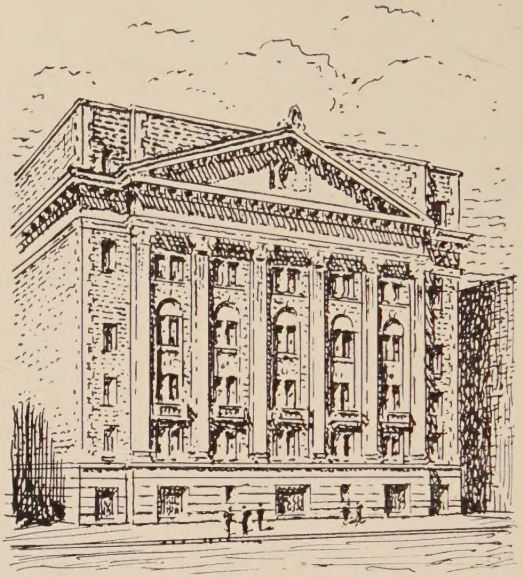
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

The most powerful, sustaining and perfect thing about Christmas is that the Wisemen believed in the baby instead of Caesar. The star is always the symbol of hope and the Wisemen never gave up hope that there would be released in the world the energy, the power, the force, the principle, which would in the sheer beauty of truth, finally demolish all the Caesars of the earth and wreck into oblivion the Herods of this world! "We have seen a star!" and stars never go out. They shine just as brightly by day as on the darkest night.

The meaning of Christmas is the victorious quality of Truth. Stars never go out!

Preston Bradley.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXII **December, 1945** *Number 9*

Dickens'

"CHRISTMAS CAROL"

at The Peoples Church
Lawrence near Sheridan Road

Sunday evening, December 16
Monday evening, December 17
Tuesday evening, December 18

by "THE UPTOWN PLAYERS"

J. Bradley Griffin, Director

Dr. Preston Bradley will give the prologue

J. Bradley-Griffin will play the part of Scrooge

✦ ✦ ✦

Special New Year's Eve performance
of The Uptown Players' December Play

"Mary of Scotland"

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1219 N. LaSalle St.—Whi. 5257

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Mailed to any address in the world for $3.00.

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Kindly order from The Peoples Church of Chicago, 941 Lawrence Avenue. If you are not pleased your money will gladly be returned. Order now.

December 1, 1945.

Dear Friend:

This is my Christmas Greeting to you and it comes from a heart full of gratitude and love for all you have meant to me during the past year. For the first Christmas in four years without war we are grateful. Let us make a Christmas offering commensurate with our appreciation. We depend upon our Christmas offering for our philanthropic work. We are now buying coal, milk, and helping some old people with the rent. The needs are many. Will you help?

Below you will find the Christmas Program of the Church. Will you please attend as many events as possible?

May this be a happy Christmas for you and yours and may God bless you always is my Christmas Prayer.

Your friend and Pastor,

Preston Bradley.

✦ ✦ ✦

Christmas in the Church

Candle Light Service—Uptown Players
Sun.—Mon.—Tues.—Dec. 16-17-18—8 p.m.

Christmas Book Review—Dr. Bradley—Wed. Dec. 19—8 p.m.

Church School Party—Friday, December 21—8 p.m.

Christmas Sunday—Dr. Bradley preaches—11 a.m.—7:30 p.m.

Christmas Eve—Dr. Bradley preaches—11 p.m.

Christmas Day—Christmas Service—11 a.m. (For the first time the church will hold a Christmas Eve Service at 11 p.m.)

New Year's Eve—Annual Watch Night Service—11 o'clock until midnight.

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES

The most widely attended Book Lectures in the city of Chicago. Average attendance for November was 1200 people. The lectures are free and are given every Wednesday evening at 8:00 o'clock sharp in the auditorium of

The Peoples Church
941 Lawrence Avenue

Books to be Reviewed in December

Dec. 5—"Where Do People Take Their Troubles?"—Lee R. Steiner
Dec. 12—"The Human Life of Jesus"—John Erskine
Dec. 19—"The Story of the Other Wise Man"—Henry van Dyke
Dec. 26—"One Destiny"—Sholem Asch

ANNUAL BAZAAR

of the

PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Avenue

All day Thursday, December 6th and Friday, December 7th

Luncheon served on Thursday

Dinner served Thursday and Friday evenings from 6:30 to 8:00—$1.25

Donation Tea held Monday, December 3rd

Mrs. Preston Bradley will be hostess at the Donation Tea of the Woman's Club. There will be an outstanding program and your gift to the Bazaar will admit you.

Come and bring your friends. It will make your Christmas shopping easier. There will be gifts for the home and gifts to wear. Everything from a rug to a bobby sock.

"I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago

IN THE face of all our present worries and anxieties and problems and challenges—and I recognize the reality of them—I am still anchored to a fundamental outlook that nothing has changed. That is not stubbornness, I think, because I have changed my mind on many things through the years, and I expect to change it some more. Changing one's mind indicates intellectual activity, and when people refuse to change their minds I think it is largely because they possess closed minds, and when we have closed our minds we introduce intellectual stagnation and we become incapable of our mentalities going out into areas of activity that might result in the solution of some of our problems.

So there are two things that I am still anchored to. We discussed one aspect rather thoroughly last Sunday, but I am hearing these two things all the time until they are almost universal, and they drove me into the idea that I wanted to accept, perhaps, the miracle in a philosophical and spiritual interpretation of a miracle and with little concern about the barren sterility of pure literalism—that interests me not at all. I am not interested in any form of argumentative discussion that attempts to establish the vitality of a miracle of 2,000 years ago—I am not interested in that at all. The interesting thing is that people who are literalists in this idea of miracles are literalists only when the miracle is between them and twenty centuries of time. And in the case of some of the older miracles in the old history of Jewry and of the ancient Hebrews the time is even longer than that. The period when an axhead, an iron axhead, floated to the surface, or the period when people had been dead for many days and were given physical resurrection, or the period in which one lived for several days in the stomach of a great fish, if we want to talk about the physical aspects of miracles on that basis, well, I think we have lost sight of a spiritual interpretation of a miracle, and that is primarily what interests me. Even with those who believe most in the physical, materialistic miracle of what, superficially, may appear impossible to the erudite and logical mind, what would happen now if we brought the miracle out of the centuries that are past and attempted to substantiate the miracle in the life of today? Some of those who believe—and I have never questioned their sincerity, nor their honesty, and I respect their honesty and admire them—but some of those who believe most in that ancient type of miracle would be the first to question any man in this hour who would appear and say, "I have suddenly been resurrected from the dead. I have just been living for several days in the stomach of a great fish and have been cast up on shore, or, "I have suddenly experienced a miracle of healing. My withered hand, or my palsy, or my hand that was cursed with a loathsome disease, even leprosy, has become beautiful and pure again." What incredulity would immediately arise, and we would probably classify people who made those claims as fit subjects for psychiatry. We would immediately begin to doubt a man who said, "I have slept in the cemetery for three days in my grave and am now alive and well." Those who believe the

ancient miracles would be the first to call that man an imposter! They would be the first to say, "The miracle never happened," and yet if there are twenty centuries between us, with a facility that is admirable, sometimes, in its gullability, they are accepted without question.

Well, I am not interested in that; it does not interest me at all, because I believe in miracles, and the original biblical definition of the word "miracle" was not something which violates natural law, but was something that was so miraculous—shall we say "paradoxical"—that it awakened wonder and amazement, and the biblical conception of the word "miracle" in the ancient Aramaic text, as it was transferred to the Greek, and then to the Latin, and then down through into the King James version in our language of the ancient Scriptures, was that a "miracle" was an experience which awakened amazement and wonder.

Now, in connection with our thought of the morning there are two things which I am hearing every day. I hear them on the train, the taxicab driver will tell you the same thing, I meet them when I stop and visit or chat with people on the street, or anywhere we meet, and people are overheard saying them. The first is, "History repeats itself." You know about that one. The next is that "Man has always fought, and because man has always fought man always will," and so, by constant repetition we give reality to what, I think, are two imposters in man's conclusions of life and history. They are both imposters, liars, vagabonds, derelicts, along the way of life, and when one, of course, takes that position, one is up against a whole impact of history, an impact that, I think, General Patton might have forgotten the other day when General Patton said to the world, "Man has always fought, man always will fight and there will always be war because there will always be madmen in the world to make war. No matter what good men may do, or good nations may do, there will occur and reoccur along the way men of such ignoble and vicious character and personality, and such diabolical selfishness that they will be able to find a scapegoat, and through the utilization of the scapegoat will be able to capture the imagination of the masses, whether it is the hatred of Jews, Negroes, this, that, or the other, just so there can be found a scapegoat who can capture the imagination of the masses, and then man will be able through certain fundamental laws of psychological sovereignty to stimulate the kind of action in the world that will end by the world opening the doors of a slaughterhouse!" * * * When General Patton said that, "there will always be war because there will always be madmen in the world to make war," I said to myself, "I wish I could speak to General Patton. I think I would say to him when he said that, "General Patton, you have just said that there will always be madmen in the world to make war. How would it be, General, if we would concentrate our energies and attention on creating the kind of community and World order in which the madman would be taken care of early enough so that he never would get loose in the world? Instead of accepting a theory that madmen always get loose in the world and make war, why not accept the logical, and I think rational, point of view of taking care of our madmen early enough so that our madmen never get loose in the world?"

That, ladies and gentlemen, we have never done. It was not done in this war, nor the last, but it is one of the fundamental techniques by which we can reverse the commonly accepted theory that "Man has always had war

and man always will."

Now, I think it will be a miracle if we prevent the next war, but that does not draw me into the conclusion that the next war is unpreventable. It will be a miracle if we prevent it, but again, repetitously, permit me to say, *IT IS NOT UNPREVENTABLE, IT IS PREVENTABLE!*

I happen to accept quite definitely, and I think I am increasing in the emphasis of it, that almost every principle of law which can be applied to the integration of the cosmos itself is a perfectly natural and spiritual law. I believe that the cosmos itself operates upon fundamental natural laws of physics, of chemistry, of potential elements in the world of materialism, but that all this is held in control and by the mastery of a great principle in the universe. That universe is eternally and everlastingly perfect, it is the law of perfection; anything that deviates from the obedience to cosmic law is always penalized, and not only is the disobedience itself localized by being penalized, but also there is a tremendous impact against those who are quite innocently the victims and the sufferers.

Now, there is a miraculous quality in the universe. The ancient religionists, who emphasized violation of what seemed to be perfectly obvious natural laws and experiences, would stand in the presence of the modern achievements of science and would shout from the housetops, as indeed they might well, "What a miracle!" If someone tells you what science has known for a long time, that there is enough energy in just the amount of electronic energy that can be accumulated on the point of a pin to turn the machinery of the Mississippi Valley for six months, you say, "Why, that is a miracle!" When someone reveals to us, as science has, that we can take an atom of uranium, the heaviest known atom, and separate an atom of uranium, and that separated atom will, in turn, demolish every other atom of all known matter within the area of its influence, we stand in the presence of that and say, "A miracle has come to pass, a miracle!" Or with the gradual unfoldment and revelation of scientific knowledge in the application of certain natural laws on the physical constituency of man we suddenly find that there is a preparation that works in complete enmity to the blood clot, and coronary thrombosis may be a disease of the past in a year or two; or someone has found—and they will—through the application of the scientific law of the separated atom, how to direct a separated particle of a split atom to use the full impact of it against another renegade cell, and that renegade cell is known in the world of science as the 'cancer cell,' for all that the world of science knows about the cancer cell is that that is a perfectly normal obedient cell, but refuses to follow the environmental laws of its associated cells, and all that we know about a cancer cell is that it is a cell gone riot, an anarchistic cell gone riot, and science may unquestionably find the directive quality of rectifying influence that will touch this riotous, anarchistic cell and whip it back into line and say, "Never again will you go off on a tangent of destruction of your own!"

Now, I think that is all in the future; I think it is very possible; but all of it is insufficient until we recognize what to me is still more miraculous and the thing in which I believe most of all, which is back of the whole physical materialistic mind area of our physical plans of existence, is the evolution of the soul—for there will be many planes, we have had them in the past, we shall have them in the future, the human soul is never stationary, it is never,

never boundaried by limitations, it is subject and amenable to all the influences and environments of life and of death as any other force in the universe. That is why my belief in immortality, which is a very profound belief, has associated with it also a belief in development and evolution, just as we are never two moments alike. In the next five seconds of time something happens to you that will change your whole attitude of life. We are never the same, not five seconds the same. We are never the same person, never the same identity.

To me, back of all this physical manifestation of what is usually accepted as miraculous in the field of science, back of the atomic bomb, back of what apparently seems to be a complete violation of what is known in physical science, what is the astounding fact?

The scientist is not *CREATING* anything, not one thing. All of these seven hundred spectacular minds that have been at work in the difficult field of electronics, in all that they have accomplished, have *CREATED,* nothing, nothing, they are only *UTILIZING A COSMOS THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN A REALITY, ALWAYS BEEN GOVERNED BY THE VERY LAWS THAT THEY ARE NOW DISCOVERING AND APPLYING—BUT NOT INVENTING!* No scientist has invented any laws of atomic energy, and all these scientists are attempting to do is to discover the laws and then apply them. We are in a universe that simply is so limitless by all of the demarcations of our finite conceptions that all these things are only component parts of the great universe where man is just beginning to discover that he, when he expresses himself harmoniously with our universe, becomes the greatest power in it. Therefore we shall go on from our activities in the purely materialistic field out into the higher fields of spiritual and powerful forces. Man will do as much in the laboratory of human relations as he has done in the finest laboratory on the atomic bomb. You see my point? Why are we so excited about the miracles of science when greater miracles, which I believe in, will be demonstrated in the great spiritual laboratories of tomorrow?

Every individual is a part of the cosmos; you and I are the atoms in the laboratory of God and if we understand our own laws and our own principles by which our own universe is integrated, so that disease and sin and vileness and weakness and lies that are the creations of our own violation of the fundamental laws of the cosmos, are done away with, then we shall find strength and health, and what is more, we will find a way in which we can build upon this earth, here and now, the *KINGDOM OF GOD.*

Don't tell me, blind soldier caught in the physical machinery of blood and sweat, that man has always got to do this! Don't tell me, materialistic scientist, you who justifiably can experience pride in your ability to penetrate to these secret places in the heart of infinity and release the energy and direct that energy in the cosmos, of which we are a part, don't tell me that that science is greater than the scientist, that disease and sin and economic monstrosity in human society is reality! The only reality is *PERFECTION,* the only truth is infinite; the only power is God, and a miracle, which is the high amazement and wonder, can be performed in any life when they put themselves in complete harmony with the highest and best conception man has ever known, the conception of the Kingdom of Love upon this earth.

You say to me, "Why Doctor Bradley, that will be a miracle!" and I say

back to you, "Yes, of course it will be a miracle, but what is a miracle? Merely obeying constantly new discoveries of the power of God." Do you limit that power? Do you say this is impossible? Do you think you are caught in the meshes of diplomacy? Do you think it is all a matter of a few men sitting down at a table? Do you limit yourselves and limit your nation and limit your world? Then you belong 25 and 30 centuries ago. Why, you have been dead for a thousand years! You don't belong in the modern sweep and swing of men toward the consciousness and the reality of God! Get that scope in your lives, widen the horizons, get the vision of the eternal, see things in the broad panorama of eternal progression, for man is going onward, and by going onward he is going upward, and he is going upward because his face is set on the reality of the eternal, that which is life, strength, health, power, beauty and love. Hold that in your vision and you will see God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

THE HIGHWAY TO THE STARS!

What was the message of Jesus? What was the desire which grew out of his deep sensitiveness and fundamental love of all humanity?

He gave evidence of his inclusiveness once when he uttered that magnificent statement: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me."

Dear Heart of Love, may those who are so unhappy, so insecure and in such turmoil, be made to see that their lives will never be the beautiful experience they might be, in life's highest unity, as long as they are trying to find their solution in things that only add confusion to confusion. May they cease trying to run away from life, burying themselves in intoxication and stimulus and self deception. May they find the higher altitudes of life.

May they see that self is killing them. Make them realize the great power and the beauty of life, which might be theirs.

Let the blessing of love stop the turmoil of their lives, stop the confusion of their minds, and may they pause, quietly just a moment, and give the Infinite an opportunity for life. O, may they find the highway to the stars!

LIGHT

Light is no brief candle to me. It is a sort of splendid torch which I have got hold of for the moment, and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations. —GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

OF ALL the people I know speaking and writing in the United States, there is no one with a greater facility in the appropriateness of the subjects he discusses than Harry Emerson Fosdick. Dr. Fosdick possesses an unusual ability for the phrasing of the subjects which he talks and writes about. I shall never forget my first impression when my eyes rested upon his book "It's a Great Time To Be Alive." The book came to my study desk from the publishers and as I opened the mailing wrapper of the book, there it stood out before me, the phrase—"It's a great time to be alive!" I first saw the book when the problems of the world and the nation seemed very heavy and challenging, and there stood the phrase—"It's a great time to be alive!" It did something to me without my ever reading a sentence of the book. There in the midst of some very pressing problems and difficulties stood out that clear cut, concise sentence, unlimited by any clarification and unadorned by a single superfluous word —"It's a great time to be alive." It did something to me which I covet the power of passing on to you.

My immediate thought was, how could anyone say, it's a great time to be alive? Men were dying under the tragic conditions of war in a hundred places on the earth. Millions were hungry and starving; disease and pestilence and famine were sweeping the earth; one diplomatic crisis after another; nations giving evidence of a resurrected self-interest. Economic turmoil, labor unrest, racial antagonisms growing by leaps and bounds. Controversies and arguments and accusations and falsehoods being hurled back and forth in religion. Millions of broken families and broken hearts. Thousands of memories that will haunt the minds of people to the end of life. Agonizing and indescribable grief gnawing at the souls of millions, and here is a sentence staring me in the face—"It's a great time to be alive." Who but one whose eyes are misty with unreality and whose mind is not alert to the whole tragic scene would dare say "It's a great time to be alive." And before this reaction had gone much further the real truth dawned and I understood what it meant to know it's a great time to be alive.

"It's a great time to be alive!" There has been no greater time in the whole long, tortuous journey of man toward the stars than right now. I wouldn't trade living in this hour for any other hour of human history. How I covet at this moment the ability to transfer my feeling in this matter to everyone reading these words—"It's a great time to be alive!" There is an old, old saying which you have all heard, which comes to me—"It's easy enough to be pleasant, when life flows by like a song; but the man worth while is one who will smile when everything goes dead wrong." Well, it would seem that everything is going dead wrong, if we just look at the surface of things. Dead wrong in China; dead wrong in a hundred places on earth, and a lot of things dead wrong in America, too, and that's why it's a great time to be alive. Man now stands on the highest pinnacle on which he has ever stood in all history, and when one stands on a high place one can see more than when he is in the valley, for on the high places he not only can still look up, but he can also look around, and that he cannot do in the valley. Through the ever widening areas of his knowledge, man knows more today about everything, including himself, than he has ever known in his past, and never was it more obvious that merely knowing is not enough. Bit by bit man is ever chipping away from the barriers of physical knowledge the secrets of the universe of which he is a part. No darkened cave of his ignorance is too impenetrable for him to seek an outlet. His microscope and his telescope have revealed myriads of universes beyond his wildest dreams of a few years ago. His universe becomes infinitely larger and infinitely smaller. His explorations in the field of energy have a potentiality incomprehensible. All this can be called progress, or retrogression—it depends upon your point of view. I think of it all as a creation of opportunity and that's the real reason for its being a great time to be alive. It seems paradoxical that at an era in man's development when he has successfully encountered, appraised, measured, weighed, the energy of the cosmos, that he should be so defective in his own social and spiritual relationships; until the true greatness of this hour consists in man's realizing as never before the necessity of catching up with himself. He has completely obliterated and destroyed almost every physical limitation of this earth. There are no longer any mountains, no longer any oceans, no longer any barriers of climate or physical obstacles. Already he is dreaming of using his knowledge of the energy of the atom to turn a cold, barren and almost lifeless arctic and antarctic into a flowering habitation. Already he dreams of changing the course of ocean currents. Already he dreams of the control and mastery of disease, and a George Bernard Shaw only a month ago said that the life-span of a man, ere many generations have come and gone, will be 300 years upon this earth.

Now, what does man propose to do with all this? And in the answer to that question will be found the reason for the greatness of this hour. If man would tackle the problem of how to create a society which would result in the full development of every human personality, all the troubles which so easily beset us today would vanish; for all the intellectual and scientific development which man accomplishes is meaningless and unimportant unless man learns how to live with his fellowmen in dignity, in understanding and cooperation and in love. The opportunity to create this kind of living was never greater, and that's the reason for this being a great time to be alive; great, because we have a great opportunity. Great, because

what man has done in his conquest of a physical universe he can do in the conquest of his own life and in his ability to live and let live. On my study desk is a motto, stamped on a bronze plate, which always is before me as I work at my desk. It was written by wise old Dr. Johnson over a hundred and fifty years ago. I look at it daily. It says: "Nothing will ever be attempted if all possible objections must be first overcome." Of course I anticipate many a reader will be mentally saying to me, "How absurd to think this is a great time to be alive." But it is, and we will never get anywhere in the world or in the nation in solving our difficulties and meeting our problems, if we work on the assumption that it is possible to overcome all objections before we attempt to do anything. Of course there are many objections, many difficulties, many barriers, but what of it? If we treat those difficulties as being so powerful and so real that they will prevent us from making the attempt for a better or more tranquil earth, then we are doomed; but we are not going to do that! We know we cannot eliminate all the difficulties nor solve all the problems, but that does not prevent us from making an effort to apply everywhere the principles which we know are necessary to the creation of a world, a nation and a life which will mean triumph and the tranquility of peace.

BOOK CHATS

PEOPLE today are reading better and finer books than they have ever read and there is a renewal of interest in literature everywhere. Some years ago Henry Mencken called Chicago the Literary Capital of America, and at the last meeting of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Public Library, of which I have been a member for more than twenty years, statistics revealed that the Public Library of the City of Chicago had the largest circulation of books of any public library in the world! It surely is significant that we have more books and more patrons of our public library than New York or Boston, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, or any city in the world. Unfortunately many people in Chicago and outside of Chicago are not aware that there is another side to the life of our city besides crime and strikes and racial tensions. Goodness never seems to be news. Badness and evil have no difficulty in getting headlines; but Chicago's interest in literature and in books was never greater than it is now, and this is one of the most encouraging evidences for the future. We are fortunate in the Chicago area in having several important and world renowned educational institutions. They have pioneered in many fields. A notable example is the beginning of the University of Chicago Round Table ten years ago, and which resulted in applying that technique of discussing problems to many other programs which were inspired by the University of Chicago's original effort. But three years ago, Chancellor Hutchins and Professor Mortimer Adler, who wrote the justly famous book "How to Read a Book," invited sixty adults of Chicago to meet with them bi-weekly and study and discuss the great books of all time and discover if possible what these books have to say

and apply their message to life in the present world. This class met without any cost whatever and both the Chancellor and Professor Adler gave it their time and attention. Mr. Hutchins has always maintained that with the experience of adults it is possible for them to understand more readily and more fundamentally what great books have to say than those who are in the undergraduate schools. The success of the experiment over these three years would indicate he is right. In October of this year began the third year of the class; and the University College here in the loop of Chicago is starting evening classes of the same kind for which a nominal fee is charged. These classes will continue until June; but this year,—and here is the astonishing part of it all,—all up and down this area, as far north as Racine, and including Gary on the south, there will meet thirty-two other groups, in private homes, class rooms and library halls, to discuss these great books. I know of nothing like this anywhere else in this country, and it is happening right here in our own Chicago area. That this may not be done in an inadequate manner or in a slipshod way, each of these thirty-two book groups have as their leaders two people who have taken the course during the summer at the University of Chicago and have prepared themselves to lead the discussion and make the analysis and bring the proper emphasis to what these great books have to say to the people of this hour. These leaders receive no pay, these classes are free and open to the public, and more than one thousand, one hundred adults here in the Chicago area have signed up for these two-hour discussions. Many of the discussion groups are meeting in the branch library buildings. It may be the beginning of one of the most influential adult education experiments the country has ever known, with our housewives and engineers, and business men and scientists, and chemists and workers, and people from every walk of life, sitting down together to talk over and discuss the contribution of a great mind which has withstood all the assaults of time and of history, and trying to discover what that mind has to say to this hour. And these leaders do not do the talking, or merely rehash the book. Every member of the group must read the book, and each one discusses his own reactions and presents his own ideas around the table. The accrued benefits from this cannot be estimated. There is one factory here in which the employes will sit around in a factory room and discuss what Aristotle and Euclid and Thomas Aquinas have to say to us.

There is something thrilling to me about all this—something tremendously hopeful. People who do such basic reading and studying with such discussion and observation as will be done in these groups this winter in the Chicago area, are going to be increasingly less susceptible to the idle prattle of untutored minds and the selfish, provincial leadership of people who appeal primarily to emotions and generalizations. They are going to develop a sense not only of literary distinction, but they are going to understand historical processes and trends. They are not going to be swayed by effervescent appeals to their prejudices and passions. They are going to develop a long look at human history and are going to understand what is fundamentally needed in our citizenry to stabilize government, social relationships, economic and industrial trends.

It all goes back to what I believe is fundamental, and that is, that a free people cannot be certain of retaining freedom without an educated and alert citizenry. The appeals of shoddily educated people and people who sub-

stitute emotion and passion for reason and understanding, people who have only selfish, personal and private interests at heart, people who desire to create animosity, misunderstanding and ill will, will have less and less opportunity for becoming powerful factors in breaking up the democratic processes. The person who knows the best thought of the ages, is familiar with great literature, art and music, is less susceptible to the influence of limited minds and selfish plans. Ignorance has never been an ally either of government, religion, business or citizenship.

* * *

And now I wish to speak about a book which was published October 10th. The publisher sent it on to me some days ago and I was attracted to it immediately. It is not a book about economics, politics, war, unemployment, strikes or government. It is a book about something more universal in a way than them all. It is a little book of only 60 pages, entitled "A Knight There Was," and is written by Mary England. Big books are not necessarily great books. Often a very great book is only a little book in size. This book is one of the greatest little books which has come my way. We are all sharing the joy and happiness of many fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and wives and sweethearts, as those nearest and dearest to them return from the far places of the earth, but what about those whose loved ones are not coming back—those who know their loved ones will never return? This little book is written for those who suffer that unutterable sorrow.

England and the second World War form the background for this story of a young soldier. There are only three characters in the book: the *mother,* the *father,* the *boy*—and the appeal is universal. The boy's life in school starts the story. He enjoys coming home for the holidays, but they find it very hard when the holidays are over and he must return. Then as a boy he goes to Paris, and later music school, for he happens to be an orchestra conductor. War breaks over England, the boy joins up and goes overseas and his letters reach home regularly. Then El Alamein—there is a German counter-attack at dawn, an enemy shell comes across, and when the smoke and sand drift away, the life of the boy is over.

After the first bewilderment and pain the father and mother grope on toward understanding. The boy they feel is safe and nearer to them even than when he was living. They must go on for a time until, their task accomplished, their journey done, they come to the end of the road and find him waiting. It is hard to express in words the beauty of this brief book, but it will seem to many not the story of one particular boy, but that of every gallant youth who has gone forth unquestioning in his country's service. Its beautifully and nobly written sentences reverberate with the same experience I have had many times in these recent days. I have received many letters and spoken with many fathers and mothers who have lost their sons in this war, and their heroism, bravery and courage is a most inspiring experience. In this little book all this is told with such simplicity and beauty that I wish I could place the book in the hands of all who have suffered from this war. This lad, like many others, lived such a short straight path in his 22 years of life, with flowers before his feet and catching every sunbeam, till toward the end there were the nettles but he had not feared to stoop and grasp them, so destroying their sting. Gifts too, of musicianship and charm, poise and good taste, and the gentleness which comes from strength. Verily, as the poet Chaucer so long

long ago said, he was a gentle Knight.

To give you an example of the fine writing and the beautiful spirit of this little book, I am going to quote from it. "The Father drew the curtains aside very early on the first anniversary of the Boy's passing, that they might see the day break. The clear gray sky was lit by one single brilliant star; then, as they watched, a faint glow began to appear in the east, and as it spread, the whole sky was burnished with red and gold. Sea-gulls flew across the sky, dark against the crimson background. Their effortless flight and poised wings seemed to be a symbol of the Boy's soaring spirit at this time—dawn—a year ago. The sun rose, a ball of fire, and the first ray shone on his picture. As it shone out brightly in the half-light of the room, it seemed to the two watching, as though he were smiling at them. Love, and pride, and deep thankfulness filled their hearts, and as the sun rose still higher, they knew that this would be for them a happy day. 'It seems like the anniversary of his birthday,' the mother said. 'We commemorate today not death, but life—his entrance into the fullest Life, for which his little blameless pilgrimage here was the preparation. Nothing of sorrow, nothing of vain regrets, can come into our minds, only thankfulness for his year of joy, such as we cannot imagine, and the knowledge that he is safe and happy and young forever. 'Thinking of this, how could we be sad? We, who love him so much. We have learned so much during the past year. It may sound strange, even to you, but I am happier now than I was a year ago. Then, though I tried so hard to be brave, my mind was full of uncertainty and anxiety—wondering—waiting for letters—waiting for news. Now we have the knowledge of all that he has been spared and of his Eternal Joy. In spite of the terrible longing to be able to see him and touch him, which comes over me sometimes, I know now that, here on earth, the only real and lasting happiness and peace come from within. There have been times, during this past year, when I have even known the Peace of God, which passes all understanding. Do you remember my prayer?—"Please keep him safe, and bring him back to me. But whatever happens, let it be the best for him." In my blindness, I thought that if that prayer were not answered in *my* way, I should die. It has been answered, every word, in Infinite Wisdom. The Boy is safe; he has never left us but is nearer than ever before; and, oh, how much the best for him is his release from this troubled world. I know, too, that as long as I live there is work for me to do here. To be with you; and try to help other mothers, some perhaps less fortunate than I. I think that it is only through suffering we learn compassion, and so the great longing in my heart is to be able to help others, so that we, who have received so much, may be allowed to give, and to try to make the road of experience—which is life—a little easier for those who are traveling the way our feet have trod. To clear the rough places, to move the sharp stones from their path; that is the measure of our thankfulness for many mercies. For us, I know, the course may be long and hard—but never lonely, with the knowledge of the Boy's help. If we can go on, with love and kindness, with faith and courage, the way will be made clear. Bearing another's burden for a while, helping another who has fallen by the way, till—our task accomplished, our journey done—we come at last to the end of the road and to the Light. And in the Light—watching, waiting, welcoming—we shall find the Boy."

To me these are some of the bravest

words that could be spoken by those who have suffered so deeply and I know that this little book, "A Knight There Was," would be a great source of inspiration to all who have lost loved ones, and to those who are privileged the happiness and joy of having their boys back home again it would give a deeper understanding and create a more sympathetic appreciation for those whose sons will not return.

* * *

Of all the available books to talk over with you I have decided there is none more timely or important at the moment than the book I am now going to discuss—a book entitled "European Manifesto," and written by Pierre de Lanux. In the first place it is a book that I wish each of the foreign ministers who came home from that deadlocked conference early last October might have studied and read before the conference assembled. It is obvious that few, if any, are familiar with this very important book. I feel that the situation in international relations is so serious that none of us should be spending much time about books which are only of transitory importance or merely give us an esthetic delight as we read them. Never was the familiar phrase from the first paragraph of Thomas Paine's book "The Crisis,"—"These are the times that try men's souls"—more true than it is right now. That is why I am bringing your attention to this book. Unfortunately, many of the most important books never reach the best seller lists, and are not exploited by publicity efforts. A word or two about the author will give you an idea of the authenticity of the book. One of the things I want to know about any man who speaks or writes is, what is his authority and background for his opinions and ideas. Who is he and what right has he to speak? It makes a great difference who says what! I had the privilege of seeing the author when I was at the San Francisco Conference. He was a member of the French delegation at San Francisco. I had heard and read much about him before that historic meeting. The life of Pierre de Lanux is one which spans two wars and all the years between and he has dedicated that life to but one idea. I do not mean to infer that this classifies him as a one-idea man. He is far from that, but there is a dominating central imperative to all of his thinking and writing which can be stated briefly and simply. He has spent a lifetime studying why there are wars and how to make wars impossible, and sums up his whole experience in this trenchant conclusion: that war paid too often. It must never pay. He was born and educated in Paris and, as a boy, traveled extensively throughout Europe and Russia. What he saw in Serbia made him return later to the Balkans as a war correspondent. In this capacity he was able, through study and observation, to realize why the Balkans have always been the powder magazine of Europe and why they continue to be such a serious problem in the present effort. In 1918 he came to the United States as a member of the French High Commission. Some of my listeners may recall the visit of that commission in a post-war period comparable to the present. I remember hearing, here in Chicago, at our Coliseum, one of the greatest of all the European orators, Viviana, and a very vivid memory is the afternoon that Marshall Foch placed a wreath upon the tomb of Abraham Lincoln here in Lincoln Park. I stood not far from him on that occasion, and I can easily recapture the feelings of hope which were in all of our hearts, that at last we were going to make a world in which war would no longer be possible. Pierre de Lanux returned to Europe and participated in

the peace conference, and then for the ten years from 1924 to 1934 he was Director of the Paris office of the League of Nations. In 1939 he returned to the United States and became a commentator for one of our great broadcasting systems. He was a member of the French Ministry of Information and as I mentioned a moment ago, was on the French delegation at the San Francisco Conference. Recently he has been Director of the Department of Contemporary Civilization in Middlebury College. He has lectured and spoken in more than a hundred of the leading colleges and universities in the United States and often states with justifiable pride that he has been in every state in the United States. When he was a visiting Professor here in 1938 and 1939 he reiterated and emphasized often what most people are beginning to realize: that there must be some kind of collective security established if war is to be avoided in this unknown future which we are all facing. The author of "European Manifesto," has been acclaimed by critics throughout the entire civilized world as one of the most distinguished men of letters of his generation in Europe, and he has always brought the full impact of his literary creativeness to bear upon solving the problems of democracy.

With this background, the Creative Age Press accepted his manuscript, realizing that it would bring illumination and understanding on the part of those of us who will take the time to inform ourselves and not merely express opinions based upon the scanning of headlines or the failures of diplomats. In no sense does he attempt to validate his position on the basis that France as a nation is primarily interested only in becoming a great national power as a member of the Big Five. This in itself is refreshing. A French underground newspaper, "Combat," in its 53rd issue of December, 1943, published a leading article entitled "Our Europe." It was a refutation of the idea pronounced by the more powerful nations, that second-rate powers in Europe would have little or no opportunity in the rebuilding of the world. And instead of voicing the traditional reaction of offended nationalism, the article emphasized the solidarity of France with other European nations, and the list is a long one: "Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Luxemborg, Yugoslavia—the Europe of the resistance. Here is France placed, to stay here is her mission; not in a theoretical Europe that may be cut out by the diplomats of the great powers, but with this tortured Europe, this underground Europe, which is stricken yet strikes back. Here is our brotherhood. Here is our future. That is why we are indifferent as to whether we shall be called a great power or not . . . A free Europe of free citizens, because we have known slavery.

"A united Europe, politically and economically, because we have paid the price for being divided. 'France as the first among the small powers, why not? Such a Europe, with its Overseas possessions would have little cause to envy the British Empire or the Soviet Union, either in population, wealth or size'." Our author says he does not know who wrote this, but that he hopes to meet him some day. "Inasmuch as he speaks for the underground of ten European countries whose total population is 136 million, he considers the text of great historical importance; and he goes on with his book, working out three positions: First: Solidarity among ten nations who have suffered the same fate at the same time and fought the same war of independence. Second: Mutual support and a common policy among these ten nations. And

third: Confidence in their united strength. This takes us out of the realm of academic or diplomatic plans and discussions as to what sort of Europe might be desirable in a more or less distant future. It confronts us with the Europe that is." And so he goes on in a clear and plain manner, voicing the hopes and aspirations of those who have suffered most and longest and states his faith in the possibility of a solidarity born out of common suffering and danger as the hope of an integrated Europe and a peaceful world.

And I would leave you with this quotation from the book:

"What has taken place in ten countries of Europe is a return of man to his own soul, reborn and fiercely tempered by four years of concentration on things fundamental. Possessions, happiness, safety had all vanished in smoking destruction, and there was nothing left of man's heritage but that tragic domain, that devastated garden which is enclosed within the walls of his body and of his mind, yet is as great as the universe."

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

THE most interesting evening we have spent in a long time occurred last Friday when we attended the Dedication Dinner of the Roosevelt College of Chicago, a college founded on the true principle of democracy, a self-governing institution, free of partisan or sectarian control, "to provide educational opportunities for persons of both sexes and of various races on equal terms." Chicago may well feel proud of fostering this unique college, the first of its kind in the United States.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt was the principal guest of honor and main speaker of the evening, her subject being "Democracy in Education." If I were to begin quoting the many fine things she said and that were said by others who spoke that evening I would write pages and pages. Mrs. Roosevelt was earnest, sincere and gracious, as always. I felt distinctly honored when she bowed and smiled at me and waved her hand in a friendly way when my husband was talking to her and pointed me out, where I sat with wives of several faculty members at a table in front of the speakers' table.

It was most impressive when Mrs. Roosevelt and Dr. Edward J. Sparling president of the college, came down from the speakers' table and walked to the middle of that enormous ballroom in the Stevens Hotel, filled with nearly two thousand people, and standing beside the cornerstone of the college (placed on a large table), she made the dedication, her voice betraying the emotion she felt. The printed words of her speech were then placed in the vault of the stone with a copy of the college charter, etc. The assembled guests joined the college chorus in singing America, and the ceremony of this historic event of our city came to a close;—an evening never to be for

gotten by those who were present. The college chorus by the way had earlier sung the Hallelujah Chorus as we seldom if ever have heard it sung. It was magnificent! The first letter I am now going to offer you from the Mail Bag I note with interest is from the Professor of English of The Roosevelt College, Dr. Crane Taylor, who writes:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—For all members of this family, which you have known for over twenty years, I thank you for the stirring talk you have just given on Roosevelt College. As you know, our liberal cause needs such splendid and honest publicity. Every statement you made was true—yet the public one would serve is only just becoming aware of our existence.

"I find the life of Roosevelt College like the dawn of a prayed-for day. At long last we are on our way. All the pent-up determination of past years drives my colleagues and me toward our goal of founding a great democratic institution of higher learning here in the heart of Chicago. We are in step with the march of world progress, and nothing can stop us. Your eloquent help is a splendid boon, and I thank you with all my heart.

"Most sincerely,
"D. Crane Taylor."

* * *

And now we turn to a very lovely letter from Rev. W. J. Griffith, of Chicago,

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—God bless you in your work. You have no idea of the comfort, enlightenment and inspiration you give us in your daily talks over the radio.

"Seldom a day goes by, but I turn my dial on WGN when the clock strikes 5:00 p.m. and I am richly blest. I know that I am expressing the sentiment of thousands of others.

"May God be kind to you and bless you as you bless others.

"A Happy Thanksgiving to you and yours and a blessed Yuletime.

"Yours sincerely,
"Rev. W. J. Griffith."

Rev. Griffith enclosed a poem with a beautiful thought which he dedicated to Dr. Bradley: It is indeed better far to have "the simplest flower" in life than have them heaped upon the grave!

We Wait Too Long

"Better break your precious ointment
at the feast in Bethany,
Than to wait for the pronouncement of
His death on Calvary;
As he lives his greatest hours
So heroic, bold and brave,
Better now to bring him flowers
Than to pile them on his grave.

Many tired hearts are resting
Under roses white and fair,
Roses they should have while struggling
Under heavy loads of care;
Now's the time to bring them cheer
While they see the things they crave;
Better now the simplest flower
Than a greenhouse on their grave."

W. J. Griffith.

* * *

Our next letter came from Niles, Michigan, an interesting letter, expressing clean cut true philosophy!

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I have just listened to your broadcast as I do each evening and Sundays, and I want to say your talk was 100% in accordance with my line of thinking.

"I do not want to become a pessimist and try not to, but when one sees and hears what is going on in the minds of men it causes one to wonder. I often ask, 'Have we learned anything from our past experiences? Is there any less selfishness, any less greed, malice and

hatred in this world today? Is there any more love, courtesy and tolerance?' I cannot find it, try as I will.

"If we do not 'wake up' we will bring disaster down upon us. Wars are but the manifestations of accumulated individual thinking and acting. The only treaty that can prevent that, is adherence to the 'Ten Commandments.'

"Please take full advantage of your opportunity to bring this to the minds of men. We must wake up before it is too late.

"Thanks for your efforts and your clear understanding and may God give you strength and the knowledge to carry on.

"Yours sincerely,
F. M. Chamberlin."

* * *

And now, as we close the Mail Bag I want to express our deep appreciation for your letters, for all your kind thoughts of us, and offer you our most sincere good wishes. May your Yuletide be bright with some cherished dream realized, and the New Year bring fulfillment of hope and peace. And be sure to

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Welcome Home!

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighmor, than one which will remind them of your love every month n the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We ire trying to make this a most vital ind inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest ind inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every nonth there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting eatures is the Radio Mail Bag in vhich Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

* * *

"MARY OF SCOTLAND"

by Maxwell Anderson

Opening Night — December 6th — Curtain 8:30 and continuing each Friday and Saturday evening during December, with a New Year's Eve performance at 8:00. Featured in the cast are Mary Moore as Mary and Katheryn Berg as Elizabeth.

* * *

DECEMBER DRAMA TEA

Sunday afternoon, December 2 at 4:00

Two one-act Christmas Plays will be presented. Guest artists will be J. Bradley-Griffin and Lulu Jones Downing.

* * *

The Uptown Players will present Dickens'

"CHRISTMAS CAROL"

in the Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, at the Candle Light Service, Sunday, December 16th, at 7:30 p. m.

Monday, December 17th and Tuesday, December 18th at 8:00 p. m.

* * *

NEW YEAR'S EVE—"MARY OF SCOTLAND"—8:00 p.m.

ROBERTA SLAGLE.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
Adams, LeRoy
Allen, Robert George, Ens.
*Anderson, Frank
Anderson, Harold
Anderson, Norman P.
Andrey, G.
Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
Arnopol, Richard Arthur
Ball, Kenneth R.
Bartlett, Tommy
Baumann, Robert
Berglund, William
Berhalter, Howard
Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
Blue, Wayne P.
Bluhm, Arthur
Bluhm, Ben C.
Bluhm, Herbert, Major
Boaz, Charles
Bower, Clyde F.
Brosious, Donald W.
Brosious, Edward P.
Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
Bunn, Robert R.
Burkhard, Gordon Robert
Byron, R. B.
Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
Carlseen, Howard
Carlton, Rosalie M.
Christ, Frank G.
Code, James
*Crane, Charles C.
Cuzort, James T.
Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
DeWees, William Robert
Droth, Betty
DuMont, Harry
Dwinell, Robert M.
Eddy, George G., Jr.
Edelhart, Marvin I.
Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
Elya, Verl
Eronson, Frans
Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
Ettelson, David
Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
Felch, George
Fishman, Carl Leonard
*Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
Fortuin, George J.
Fulton, Robert Harry
Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
Fuss, June
Freitag, George
Freitag, John L.
Garner, William C.
Gau, William R.
Gill, Robert E.
Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
Gray, Harry S.
Gregg, Noel Dudley
Gregg, Robert D.
Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
Hagen, John H.
Hangel, Robert L.
Hannum, Robert
Hansen, Harold E.
Hansen, Robert J.
Harbert, Marvyn F.
Harling, Robert, Sgt.
Heg, Winslow
*Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
Henderson, William
Hendrich, John
Henning, Anne E.
Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
Hurley, Betty Best
Hurley, William R., Sgt.
Ingersoll ,Harold
Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
Johansonn, Eileen
Johnson, Lawrence
Jones, Lincoln H.
Kastner, Howard H.
Kemper, Calvin C.
Kiltz, Elwood E.
Klingler, Lambert H.
Klippel, Winifred
Kokoefer, E.
Kosner, James, Cpl.
Kramer, Hans
Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
Kredler, Stanley
Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
Kruskopf, George E.
Langley, Philip
Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
LaPointe, J. C.
Larsen, Vincent William
Lauletta, June Blair
Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
Leffler, Ruth
Lehnert, William A.
Lichtenebert, Rudolph
Maddox, Don, Cpl.
Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
Mason, Frank J.
McCord, Sarah Parks
Merrick, Jay
Merrill, Leslie
Meyer, James H., Capt.
Meyer, Kurt
Meyer, Robert H.
Miles, Mark Alan
Miller, Harold R.
Miller, John M.
Miller, Richard
Miller, Richard B.
Miller, Roger
Molzahn, W. A.
Moore, Florence M.
Moran, Walter
Mostek, Raymond
Murphy, Robert J.
Myers, William V., Sgt.
Needham, Daniel Arthur
Nelson, Harry G.
Nelson, Howard C.
Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
Norris, Donald J.
Novotny, Anton
Oldenburg, Forrest A.
Olson, Robert
*Osterberg, Robert
Paige, Charles
Palmer, Earl
Palo, Alfred C.
Palo, Clarence W.
Palo, Douglas L.
Parlette, William H.
Paschal, Edward
Perfumo, Leo A.
Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
Phillips, Jim
Plumley, Robert
Plummer, Pauline M., R.N., 2nd Lt.
Poquette, Robert E.
Post, Clee S., Sgt.
Proud, Kurt, Lt.
Quesnall, Arthur
*Randall, Tabor Charles
Replogle, Jacob Estes
Riley, Lester G.
Roof, James H.
Rowley, L. C.
Rowley, Yale W.
Salamon, Rudolph E.
Sauser, Martin
Sauser, William
Schneller, James, Sgt.
Schnorr, Robert K.
Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
Schroeder, William
Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
Schumacher, Arthur
*Sexton, Walter Scott
Shoberg, J. Bryant
Shurman, Frank M.
Sipe, Clinton R.
Smith, Donald Seth
Smith, George John
Stippe, Robert C.
Strand, Philip R.
Strand, Richard P.
Sweet, Mary Louise
*Taylor, Alfred
Terry, Duane R.
Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
Thompson, Jean
Tilles, Marie
*Tinling, H. John
Toepfer, Arthur E.
Vespermann, Bruce W.
Victorin, James R.
Voigtritter, Carl W.
Wagner, Foster
Walker, Leslie J.
Walska, Charles
Walters, William James
Weeger, Robert
Wegner, Gerhard
Weinberg, Sidney
Wendland, Robert John
Wenger, William J.
Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
Wesche, Charles, Jr.
Wesche, Orville
White, George A.
*Widener, Virgil Drew
Wiederer, Elmer Michael
Wiggins, Robert H.
Wilkins, E. J.
Willeumier, Henry
Willeumier, Mary
Williams, Arthur J.
Williamson, W. Ross
Wilson, Andrew C.
Wood, Robert, Jr.
Wood, Thomas, Jr.
Woods, Daniel Jack
Woods, James W., Jr.
Woods, Tom Lee
Yarrington, Mary Alice
York, Carroll D., Cpt.
Yous, Donald, Cpt.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall.. 9:30 p.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES..... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday, Church Auditorium..... 7:30 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall..... 1:00 p.m.
Monday, Dec. 3rd—Mrs. Preston Bradley will be hostess at the Donation Tea. Outstanding program. Gift for the Bazaar will admit you.

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6th and 7th—Anunal Bazaar of the Peoples Church. Luncheon served on Thursday and dinner served both evenings. Bazaar open all day both days. Dinner, $1.25.

Monday, Dec. 17th—Bazaar Reports and announcements. Christmas Party, Mrs. George P. Hettinger, Chairman. Carols—Grab Bag—Special Musical Program: Elsie Alexander, Pianist; Clyde Bassler, Tenor.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB
Meeting in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Monday, Dec. 3rd, Mrs. Alice Pearson, Chairman. Donations for the Bazaar received and displayed.

Thursday and Friday, Dec. 6th and 7th, Booth at the Annual Bazaar of Peoples Church.

Monday, Dec. 17th—Lakewood Party for the Preston Bradley Auxiliary. There will be gifts, games and refreshments. Every member should help make this a memorable evening for the girls of Lakewood House.

MEN'S CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 4th Mondays of the month.. 8:00 p.m.
December Meeting, Monday, December 24.

USHERS' CLUB—Meeting in Anderson Hall, 1st Tuesday of each month 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257
J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas.
(See Special Schedule, page 22 this issue)

CHRISTMAS SCHEDULE *(see schedule on page 3)*

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD—Dr. Bradley's Sunday morning sermon and entire church service broadcast.....11:00 to 12:30

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